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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the *National Era*.

THE BROTHERS.

BY E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER X.

*"One alone stands, but two are seen."**"With him I stand, but he is dead."**"The depth of the sky may be."**"The measure of the height may be."**"Household Words."*

When Valentine's little family circle received information of the verdict that laid low their last hopes, Phoebe met the misfortune with which that sad resignation which we often see in those whom either time or sorrow has aged, and which we are apt to think overcomes its calmness as much to the exhausted energies of the sufferer, as to any higher cause. Fannie heard the issue of the trial with wild grief, and a day and night of illness intervened before she could go to and the condemned.

The conviction of Valentine was immediately followed by the arraignment of Governor. That the former had been no showman than that the former had been is evident, but he was undoubtedly by the command employed by his master, but nothing could save him. And the jury, without leaving their seats, brought in their verdict of "Guilty." His sentence followed immediately.

It was, however, powerless to observe that the poor wretch did not understand one-half what had been done or said during the whole course of his trial. And when he conducted back to the prison, and locked in with Valentine, he said to the latter, "Well, Waller, you're up ure dore on the beach put a black nightcap on your head, an' said somethin' r' other 'bout hangin'; but I reckon he only did it to scare me, ca' se I saw his face how his heart was a *screwing* all the time."

After his condemnation to death, Valentine's friends were more devoted to him than ever. Day and night, one or more of the brothers of the church was with him. And one sister, especially, who was known by the name of "Sister Dely," divided her attentions between him and his little family, who, equally, or more, needed comfort. Again and again were we reminded of this in our interview with Valentine as he was called. Interviews held with him by clergymen were reported at length. His likeness was taken in prison, and wood-cut in a pamphlet report of his trial. In a word, the unhappy young man became for a while a local notoriety. And this was ascribable, not to the nature of the catastrophe, which unfortunately was but too common in that section of country, but to the individuality and character of the condemned.

Another circumstance connected with this tragedy was so full of strange significance that I must not omit to record it. A rumor got out that old Portorib had betrayed Valentine into the hands of the law, and that a number of negroes in secret meeting had worn the death of the traitor whenever and wherever either one of them could take him. This was carefully investigated by those most interested; but though they could obtain no positive proof of their捏s, yet their suspicion of being disengaged from their sympathies in this matter was so strong, that it was deemed advisable for the officers who had arrested Valentine to come out under oath with the declaration that Portorib had not by the remotest hint given them the name of the secret meeting, or that Valentine would have imposed upon her, and only said—

"We'll pray for you, brother Valentine, Governor, when you kneel down with us for your sins."

Governor said that, as praying could not do anybody any harm, he reckoned he would, but Portorib, though he did not see the use of it, nevertheless did it. When the marshal, who was in command of the guard, was informed of the Lord's prayer, he was greatly pleased in the presence of the prisoners, and especially of Governor. He had just arisen from their knees, when the door opened, and the jailer entered, accompanied by another officer, who had ridden to the inmates, and then, descending to the platform, requested him to step forward. Valentine obeyed, and the man, drawing a measuring tape, took a foot pocket, took his hand, and straightened Valentine's legs. And the marshal, who was advanced towards noon, was the multitude of negroes that gathered in front of the city, and the guards to turn out and muster around the platform, and the execution of the sentence. The scaffold was erected upon a gentle elevation, on the west suburb of the city. A platform of iron, with a small arched canopy, was fastened upon the ground. But the two companies of militia made a way through this forest of human beings, and formed around the platform of the scaffold. It was about seven o'clock, when the marshal, with a detachment of the city guards, and the condemned with the exception of Valentine, were driven to the place of execution. The presence of the guards was needed to force a passage through the crowd, and, dealing with the subject, had not fit the space of a minute, but to illustrate the manifest wrong, by exhibiting, as far as possible, such bitter fruit of the evil as fell under personal observation?

For the National Era.

THE LADY MARY'S TALE.

BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

The Lady Mary tells a tale.
She tells it in the jessamine bower,
In the shade of the pale.

The garden wall is dark betham.
In the night of the grape-vine shadow,
A faint sound comes to a wicket beld,
And through it—

The yellow rain-tumble,
Fairly the winds are sighing sighing;
Of the golden crests of the trees
The sunsets are dying.

Twixt the glow and twixt the gloom,
The sun, cold, and tall, and roomy,
Is set to the westward for war;
Stamps spectral and gloomy.

And the Lady Mary tells her tale.
To her sister Alice, Alice!
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